

AMES' SERIES OF  
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.  
NO 108

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# Those Awful Boys

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COS-  
TUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL  
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH  
THEATRES.

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# THOSE AWFUL BOYS.

## An Ethiopian Farce,

IN ONE ACT,

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Other People's Children, The Pop-corn Man, School, Twain's Dodging,  
Reverses, The Yankee Duelist, The New Magdalen,  
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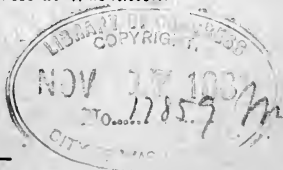
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1881

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# THOSE AWFUL BOYS.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS,

As performed by the Opera House Co., Clyde O., Oct. 10th 1879.

Budgie .....	W. L. Stark
Toddie .....	A. Newton Field
Nunkie .....	W. H. Arlin
Doctor .....	F. West
Davie .....	Frank Rogers

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## COSTUMES.—APPROPRIATE FOR THE CHARACTERS.

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Time of Playing—twenty minutes.

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## LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Table, cupboard, pedestal. Statuettes, fruit cans, three chairs, club. Orange partly peeled, tray, and pie. Goat, or with a few changes in the lines a pig, or other animal may be substituted.

TMP 96-006670

## Those Awful Boys.

*SCENE.—Chamber. Table c. Cupboard open, R. U. E. Pedestals R. and L. 2 E., with statuettes. Club on table, three chairs.*

*Nunkie discovered in dressing gown and slippers, head tied up in a red handkerchief.*

*Nunkie.* I have taken a task, that is certain. Here I am left with those unruly boys to take care of and their mother, (my kind sister) told me that they'd be no trouble. No trouble, indeed! if she calls it no trouble to watch those boys in their daily perambulations, she don't know what trouble is. First thing I knew this morning, was a shout from the nursery, and upon my entering I found Budgie seated on the footboard of their cot, pouring water on Toddie, who sat on the floor bellowing so that I am sure he might have been heard for half a mile. (*cries outside L.*) Oh, dear, I wonder what is the matter now, something unusual I am sure.

*Enter, Budgie laughing from L.*

*Budgie.* Oh, I say Nunkie, Toddie and I was a swimming down here in the creek and I hid his clothes, and he has no clothes and he can't come home.

*Nunk.* Budgie, what did you do that for? Ain't you ashamed of yourself to use your little brother in that way,

*Bud.* I say, Nunkie, do you know Mrs. Singleton's little bitsie witsie chickens?

*Nunk.* Our next neighbor? Yes, I do. What of them?

*Bud.* Well, Nunkie, Toddie ran after them and pulled their feathers out, and they had no clothes and they couldn't come home.

*Nunk.* Oh, dear, what will your mother say?

*Bud.* And say, Nunkie, you know your gold watch that was in the top drawer.

*Nunk.* Why, of course I do, It was a present from your grandmother. Well, what about it?

*Bud.* Well, Toddie took out dat watch and put it on a rock and smashed it wid de axe.

*Nunk.* (*starts up, puts hands to head*) Oh my, oh my! did anybody ever hear of such a thing, smashing my gold watch, indeed.  
(*cries outside L.*)

*Enter, Toddie L. 2 E. Nunkie seated at table C. Budgie R.*

*Toddie.* (*crying loudly*)

*Nunk.* (*holds up hand*) What is the matter, what is the matter? Stop crying for heaven's sake, and tell me what is the matter.

*Tod.* (*crying*) I smashed your watch and you are going to lick me. (*yells louder*)

*Bud.* You'll get a lickin'—oh, you'll get a lickin'—um—um—

*Tod.* You shut up your mouth. (*yells louder*)

*Nunk.* Come here and sit on Nunkie's knee, and stop crying and I won't lick you. (*takes him on knee, dancing him up and down*) I'd sooner lose a dozen watches than hear you cry so.

*Bud.* Oh, say, Nunkie, do lick him I likes to hear him cry.

*Nunk.* No, I shan't. There, now get down my boy and stop crying. But why did you break it?

*Tod.* I wanted to see the wheels. (*comes R., to Budgie*) I didn't get no lickin' Mr. Tattletale. Ha, ha-a! I didn't get no lickin'. Oh, say, Budgie, come and look out of the window. Oh, look at the deader, oh, see the deader!

*Bud. and Tod.* Oh, see de deader! Oh, see de deader!

*Nunk.* (*looks out of window R. 3 E.*) That is not a deader, it is a funeral.

*Bud.* Nunkie, buy me one.

*Nunk.* Buy you what?

*Tod.* Buy him a little funeriler.

*Nunk.* Oh, nonsense, a funeral is when they carry a dead person to the cemetery to bury them.

*Bud.* Toddie and I hev picked lots of berries, havn't we, Toddie?

*Tod.* I guess we have. Nunkie, take us out to get some of those dead berries.

*Nunk.* Oh, don't bother me my head aches, now be good boys and don't make so much noise to hurt poor Nunkie's head.

(*leans head on arm*)

*Tod.* Say, Budgie, look up dar at de goodies. Nunkie won't see us let's get some.

*Bud.* Yes, let's.

*They climb upon the table and reach up to the cupboard and stick hands into fruit cans. Budgie slips and falls, pulls down cupboard, cans roll out, both scream loudly, Budgie trying to get hand out of can, but can't.*

*Tod.* Here Budgie, lay your hand on de chair and I'll break de can off.

*Budgie lays hand on chair, Toddie strikes with club, Budgie pulls his hand away, club strikes chair—Toddie screams.*

*Nunk.* What is the matter? What are you crying for?

**Tod.** He wouldn't let me strike his hand.

(screams

**Nunk.** (takes Budgie's hand from can) Now, stop this crying like good boys and I shall call the servant to pick up the cans of fruit.

(sits down by table

**Tod.** (looking at club) Say, Budgie, did you ever play base ball?

**Bud.** No, I didn't, do you know how?

**Tod.** Yes, you see, suppose Nunkie should throw a ball, I would hit it like this.

*Strikes over shoulder with club, knocks off statuette L., breaking it—commences to cry loudly.*

**Bud.** Now you'll get a lickin', you'll get a lickin'!

**Nunk.** Oh, do stop such a noise, my head is bursting.

**Tod.** I didn't get no lickin'! (going R., hits the other statuette smashing it to pieces. Budgie cries loudly.)

**Nunk.** What are you crying for, Budgie?

**Bud.** I wanted to break that one!

(exit Toddie L.

**Nunk.** I can't stay here and bear this any longer, I shall go out walking and try what the cold air will do for me. Budgie, you are the oldest and I shall leave you to take care of Toddie till I come back.

(takes off dressing-gown and handkerchief—exit L.

**Bud.** (crying and looking around) There is nothing here for me to break.

(stamps on broken statuettes

*Enter, Toddie L.*

**Tod.** Budgie, you isn't mad at me, is you Budgie?

**Bud.** No, I isn't mad a bit, Toddie.

**Tod.** Tell you what it is, Budgie, let's play dat you am sick. You be Nunkie, and I'll be nurse, den we'll get all de goodies when de folks bring dem in.

**Bud.** I'll be Nunkie and you'll be nurse, and we'll hev all de goodies.

(knock heard L.

**Tod.** Now get in dis dressing gown, and put on dis handkerchief quick, here da come. (Budgie puts on dressing-gown and handkerchief assisted by Toddie, sits in chair moaning.)

(knock L.

**Tod.** Now Budgie groan as loud as you can and dey will think you is sick. Come in!

*Enter, Doctor L. 2 R.*

**Doctor.** Well, Toddie, how is Nunkie to-day?

**Tod.** Oh, Doctor, he is very sick, I think his stomach is very bad, he hasn't had anything good to eat for six months. I think some goodies would do him good.

**Doc.** (feel pulse) My, oh my, he is very low. He must have a little stimulant, some whiskey—

**Tod.** Oh, yes, some whiskey I know it would do him good. Don't forget to send it right along.

**Doc.** Well, I'll send it up by Davie to-night. Keep him real quiet. Good night, Toddie.

(exit L. 2 R.

## THOSE AWFUL BOYS.

**Tod.** How's dat, Budgie, jes' think, some whiskey, won't dat be nice?

**Bud.** Oh, won't it it be fun.

(*knock L.*)

**Tod.** Now groan, Budgie, you must be awful sick. Come in.

*Enter, Davie L., with tray, pie, and an orange partly peeled,*

**Davie.** How is Nunkie to-night, Toddie? (*Budgie groans*)

**Tod.** Oh, he's awful sick, don't you hear him groan?

**Davie.** Here is some pie and an orange that Aunty sent up, she thought it would be good for Nunkie.

**Tod.** (*takes orange and pie*) Oh, thank you! Tell Aunty dat we's much obliged to her.

**Davie.** That's all right. Good day, Toddie, I hope Nunkie will soon be well.

**Tod.** Good day, sar. (*exit Davie L.*) Say, Budgie, see the good-ies!

(*takes peel off of orange*)

**Bud.** I like orange, Toddie!

**Tod.** So do I, Budgie.

**Bud.** Give me some, dat's a good boy.

**Tod.** (*hands him the peel*) Don't eat too quick for you's sick you know.

**Bud.** (*turns over peel, looks at Toddie who is eating orange*) Dis is only de peeling, Toddie?

**Tod.** Yes, I know, but den you is sick, and you shouldn't eat anything but peelin'.

**Bud.** (*throws away peeling*) Give me some of de good orange Toddie, dat ain't fair!

**Tod.** (*gives him seeds*) Now, don't eat dem all at onst, Budgie, because you's bery sick.

**Bud.** (*throws seeds down*) Den give me some pie, Toddie, won't you?

**Tod.** (*eating pie*) I can't only give you a little, for dis is huckle berry pie and it's bery bad for your stomach.

**Bud.** Oh, do give me some, Toddie.

**Tod.** I'll give you all de next dat comes in. (*knock*) Come in.

*Enter, Doctor L.*

**Doc.** How is Nunkie, Toddie? better I hope.

**Tod.** (*pinches Budgie who groans*) He is some worse nor he was Doctor.

**Doc.** (*hands bottle of whiskey*) Give a small glass of this every hour until I come again. Take good care of him, that's a good boy Good day. (*exit L.*)

*Toddie takes out cork and drinks, hands Budgie the remains of pie, and orange.*

**Tod.** Here, Budgie, I don't any more of dis stuff.

**Bud.** (*slaps pie on floor*) I don't wan't any nasty pie or rotten orange. I want's some whiskey!

**Tod.** (*hands him cork*) Smell dat, an' when I gets done you may smell my breath.



THOSE AWFUL BOYS.

7

*Bud.* Dat's mean, Toddy, I won't play.

*Tod.* *(gives him empty bottle)* You can have the rest, Budgie, ain't I kind to you?

*Bud.* *(turns bottle up)* It's empty, there ain't none for me.  
*(whines—noise without L.)*

*Tod.* Oh, here comes Nunkie! Hurry off wid dem clothes. Here comes Nunkie.

*Budgie takes off dressing-gown and handkerchief, goes R. Toddie L.*

*Enter, Nunkie. L. 2 E., with hand to his head.*

*Nunk.* Oh, dear me, I feel so terribly bad. Toddie, run for the doctor.

*Tod.* Nunkie wants de doctor, Nunkie wants de doctor.

*(Toddie runs off L. 2 E.)*

*Bud.* Poor Nunkie, *(fans him with bottle)* is you bery sick? Won't you have some pie? *(picks up pieces of pie)*

*Nunk.* No, thank you. *(screams)* Oh, my! *(puts hand on side)* I'm going to die, I know I am!

*Enter, Toddie, followed by the Doctor.*

*Tod.* Here's de doctor, here's de doctor!

*Doc.* *(feeling pulse)* My heaven! Seven pounds of arsenic by mistake. He must have an antidote.

*Tod.* He must have a nanny-goat! He must have a nanny-goat!  
*(exit L.)*

*Bud.* He must have a nanny-goat! He must have a nanny-goat!  
*(jumps up and down)*

*Enter, Toddie dragging in a goat.*

*Tod.* Here's de nanny-goat!

*Toddie runs against the Doctor, who upsets Budgie—Budgie pulls Nunkie off his chair, all roll around. Toddie and Budgie cry loudly.*

CURTAIN.

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